EN PASSANT.

1784.

A clatter of hoofs adown the lane,
A cottage door and a maiden shy;
A grave salute and a slackened rein;
A smile, a blush and a drooping eye.

A draught from a dainty hand—forsooth
A whispered word and a parting slow;
The noble steed and the gallant youth—
They will come this way again, I trow.

1884.

A flying vision, a flash of steel;
A silent rushing, a noiseless glide;
A cap doffed low and a lagging wheel,
A halt by a window opened wide.

A pretty girl in the slanting sun,
An echo of laughter, sweet and gay,
A waving handkerchief—ten to one
'Tis not the last of his trips this way.
—Emma A. Opper in Outing.

A Very Peculiar Weakness.

I know quite a number of people who avoid the telephone as they would a small pox patient, and who really and honestly believe that they could neither talk through it or receive messages over it, though its use is as simple to them as to any one else under the sun. I used to know a man who swore that he could not talk to any one through a speaking tube, a contrivance which, as everybody probably knows, is the best possible conductor of the human voice. The same weakness of the nerves that influenced this man's case probably governs the telephobiacs in their prejudice against this invaluable mechanism. — Alfred Trumble in New York News.

An Odd Water System.

Calcutta, in its central parts, is supplied with water from many miles up the Hooghly. It is settled and filtered in large reservoirs, and seems, as it is pronounced to be, fairly pure water. Very careful people boil it; but the majority of the foreigners use it freely as it comes from the hydrants. It is carried into upper floors in goat skins. It looks queer to see coolies sprinkling the streets from skins slung over their shoulders. It is thus done throughout the esplanade. In the business streets coolies sprinkle from large movable hose; in outer parts from carts which are filled with water by women carriers.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

The Vaquero's Favorite Trick.

The tail twist is a favorite trick and it takes a strong wrist and nice horsemanship. The vaquero urges his pony to the flank of the running bull, and reaching down grasps the tail. A touch of the bridle rein alters the pony's course, the bull's hind legs sweep off the ground and he flops upon his side after making a complete roll over of the tumble if the grip has been a good one. To vault from the saddle to the back of the bull is another joke of the vaquero, and he enjoys the mad plunging of his victim until he sees a good chance to spring off on one side and run to his waiting pony. —"W. B. S." in Globe-Democrat.

A Patent Medicine Man's Success.

Fall River, Mass., points proudly to the fact that the late Perry Davis, "the pain killer," was a carpenter in that city forty years ago or more. When he found his panacea for all ills he left his bench and took to peddling medicine in a basket. His neighbors told him he was foolish to desert his trade in such a manner, but Davis never doubted his ability to make a fortune with his "pain killer." He went to Providence, R. I., and became proprietor of what was after-years ago, leaving a large estate to his heirs.—Chicago Herald.

Discomfort Expressed.

A demure, quaint little maiden, daughter of one of our prominent young physicians, is unfortunate in having that irritating illness, chickenpox. One evening, while restless, and a loving mamma endeavored to soothe the unquiet nerves, she looked up and said, "Mamma, the chickens are picking the hen dreadfully." Could the most dreadfully composed sentence be more expressive of discomfort? —Boston Journal.

Womanhood in Zululand.

The girls, although not handsome, are decidedly not homely, and are, structurally, magnificent models of female grace and beauty; but it is very transient, and by the time an American girl is approaching full perfection the Zulu is old, flabby and shapeless, girls of 20 years looking like women on the verge of 50. In youth the Zulu woman is a sylph, in age she is an old hag.—Wilf. P. Pond in Drake's Magazine.

Features of Zulu Architecture.

A curious feature of these people is, that every specimen of architecture, whether a building or a fence, is circular in form; it seems impossible for a Zulu to mark out a straight line, and as opposed to the fact that a European could, if necessary, build a round house, it would be perfectly impossible for a Zulu to build a square one if his life depended upon it. Nay, more, you cannot make a Zulu understand the structure of a modern house; their minds cannot grasp the details of a square, straight walled building surmounted by a roof, and as for the idea of two or more floors, one above the other, they simply declined to believe it, especially as most of the houses at the diamond fields were at that time on the Bungalow principle.

They could conceive the possibility of the Capitol at Washington, but could not credit its size, as their cleverest builders said no such building could support its own weight. The only material used in their houses being posts, sticks and reeds to thatch it with, commonly called "wattle and daub," and the use of bricks, stone and mortar being beyond their comprehension, they simply discredited the stories told by the white men.—Wilf. P. Pond in Drake's Magazine.

Prison Life in Libby.

At night the six large lofts presented strange war pictures, over which a single tallow candle wept copious and greasy tears, that ran down over the petrified loaf of corn bread, Borden's condensed milk can, or bottle in which it was set, and where it struggled on until "taps," when the guards, with unconscious irony, shouted: "Lights!" at which signal it usually disappeared amid a shower of boots and such other missiles as were at hand. The sleepers covered the six floors, lying in ranks, head to head and foot to foot, like prostrate lines of battle. For the general good, and to preserve something like military precision, these ranks (especially when cold weather compelled them to lie close for better warmth) were subdivided into convenient squads, under charge of a "captain," who was invested with authority to see that every man lay "spoon fashion."

No consideration of personal convenience was permitted to interfere with the general comfort of the "squad." Thus, when the hard floor could no longer be endured on the right side—especially by the thin men—the captain gave the command, "Attention, Squad Number Four! Prepare to spoon! One—two—spoon!" And the whole squad flopped over on the left side.—The Century.

LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The Tallow Candles of Our Fathers. Candles Molded and "Dipped."

"There's a letter in the candle, Katy."

"Who it it coming to?"

She gives the candle a light shake and the letter drops next to Katy.

"There's a shroud in the candle to-night, Ellen."

"Oh, don't say so. Yes; it is there sure enough! Poor Jim!"

"There will be divine worship next Sabbath evening in the school house at Four Corners, Deo volente, at early candlelight."

The above literature belongs to an age that is past, but the old boys and girls of today can easily recall the dialogue and announcement as part of the household conversation of thirty or forty years ago, when the candle was not only the light of the family but its oracle as well. This was before the age of petroleum and in the infancy of gas when "boughten" candles of tallow or sperm were used for company, and the tallow dip was the every day luminary.

Candle making was one of the industrial branches of housekeeping in those days. A cake of tallow, made from fat rendered in the house, and a ball of wicking, purchased at the general dry goods store, furnished capital for the investment. Then a set of molds, bought of a tin peddler—such as Jim Fisk used to sell from his wagon—and the work began. The youngsters of the family were usually chosen for this. They liked it. It was easier than churning, and they had considerable pride in pulling handsome candles, and there was just enough peril in the undertaking to make it interesting. If the tallow was not just right, or the molds not prepared well, or the candles not properly cooled, they "acted." Sometimes, indeed, they seemed possessed. This was when the six long wicks pulled out, leaving the tallow in the molds to be melted out and run over again. But if all went right, and six elegant candles were pulled, there was joy in the household. The nearer they came to the "boughten" article in appearance and worth, the prouder the domestic candle maker.

There was also a test in the burning. They must not "sputter" nor "gutter." A certain amount of beeswax would prevent this. They must not burn extravagantly or to one side, nor be greasy to the touch. And they must have preservative qualities and "keep" well. There was economy in those days in burning candles, which extended to the way in which they were snuffed. A family of any pretensions always had several sets of snuffers. A silver tray and snuffers was usually an heirloom. A brass set, kept in a high state of polish, was used in the parlor every night, the silver ones being kept sacred to company. Usually a rickety snuffer without any tray did duty in the kitchen. In many homes the fingers did all the snuffing. They became so hardened to it that no matter how hot a pinch they took, there was no bad effect.

We can afford now to smile at the economy of light in those days, when we had to light one candle to see if the other was burning. Two candles meant company, three a crowd, six an illumination. All the corners of the room were in shadows in those good old days, when spooks and goblins were within easy reach. After all there was the glow of the fireplace, with its fitful shadows. We have lost that with the lesser light. [illegible] hand or the bound boy to bed. Other nights they went to bed in the dark.

The tallow dip was an attenuated object that tormented the family like a poor relation. A lot of wicks were strung together on a rod, the tallow was melted and served in a tub of water. Into this the wicks were dipped every little while, then hung across the tub till they cooled sufficiently to receive another "dip." When finished they look like the skeletons of candles eaten by rats. They flared and guttered and made horrible shadows, but were accepted as light.

Lessons in candle deportment were given in those days. It may seem an easy thing to snuff a candle; so it is—to snuff it out. But to snuff it gracefully and easily, using only one hand, and not obscuring the light a moment, is a work of art. Blowing the candle out was also deprecated by the old timers. It was either snuffed out or extinguished by a metal night cap, which is usually fast to the handle of the bedroom candlestick.

The ease with which a candle went out when a door was opened or a draught struck it was almost phenomenal. And it was equally hard to relight it. Do you remember taking up a coal in the tongs and blowing until you resembled a heavenly cherub trying to coax the smoking wick back to a blaze? It was a common experience.—Detroit Free Press.

Abraham Lincoln's Last Laugh.

Mr. George Van Duzer, of this city, has presented to the Grand lodge library a portion of the collar worn by Abraham Lincoln at the time of his assassination. Mr. Van Duzer was present at Ford's theatre on that fatal night, and relates the following incident:

The army under Gen. Lee having surrendered to Gen. Grant a few days previously, Secretary Stanton, on the 13th of April, 1865, telegraphed to Governor John A. Dix to stop the draft, as it was considered that the war was virtually over.

At Ford's theatre, Washington, on the evening of April 14, 1865, the play of "Our American Cousin" was being enacted. In the scene just before the fatal shot of the assassin, a garden settee was standing on the stage opposite the president's box. Mary Meredith (one of the characters of the play), followed by Lord Dundreary (with her shawl thrown over his arm), came upon the stage, and the lady took a seat upon the settee. Glancing over first one shoulder and then the other, she exclaimed:

"My lord, will you please be so kind as to throw that shawl over my shoulders? There appears to be such a draft here."

Lord Dundreary immediately replied: "You are mistaken, Miss Mary, there is no draft. The draft is all over."

The president instantly saw the point and laughed very heartily, as did the entire audience, who arose and cheered. In a few moments more the assassin had done his work and a nation was in tears. —New York Asylum.

The White Dragon of Canton.

The water population is noisy, and all night long a din comes from the river, and on holiday and festival nights their fire crackers and tom toms make things hideous. All the Cantonese live in special terror of the great white dragon, who once appeared in the river and devoured unwary men. At the time of the summer solstice the dragon festival is celebrated, and the terrible beast is propitiated with tons of boiled rice and gallons of samshu, or rice brandy, poured into the river, with an accompaniment of crackers, bombs and songs that would take the ears off any people but the Cantonese.—"Ruhamah" in Chicago Times.

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ABSTRACT OF

Annual Report to the Legislature.

According to law, of its condition on the first day of January, 1888:

ASSETS.

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first liens)	$88,100.00
Interest due and accrued	2,459.38
United States Bonds, market value	19,500.00
Cash on hand and in Bank	9,877.49
	$119,936.87

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors, including interest to date.	110,260.08
Surplus,	$9,676.79

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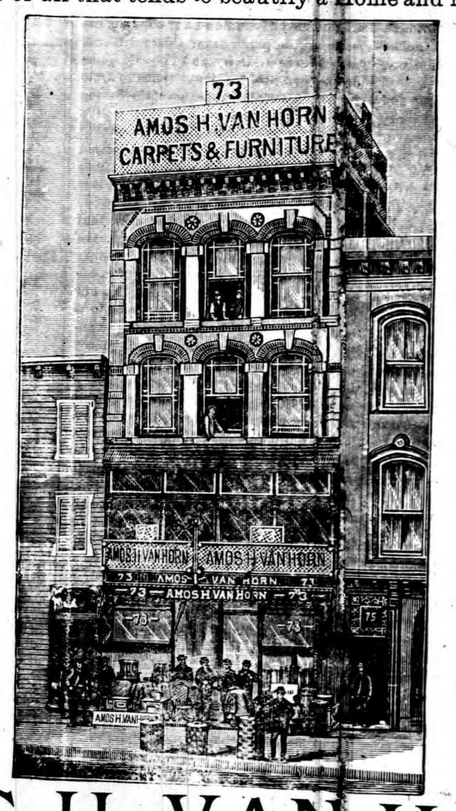

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